The Sketch

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PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

BOMBER CAPTAIN AND HIS SECOND PILOT.

This magnificent portrait-study shows the captain of a bomber at the controls, with his second pilot standing beside him. They are about to start for a raid over enemy territory. This captain, typical of the Royal Air Force, is 19½ years of age, has made thirty flights over Germany and Italy, and won the D.F.C. The programme of a bomber-pilot's working day is further illustrated on other pages of this issue.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Not Done. An intolerant people, we have always shown little sympathy with the curious habits of foreigners. Take the French, for example. We have been allies with them, and we hope some day to claim them again as our friends; but it cannot be concealed that in some matters we have found it very difficult to see eye to eye with them. We have done our best to be indulgent. We have (though reluctantly) forgiven the Frenchman his tendency to sprout whiskers of peculiar contour. We have overlooked the fact that it is notoriously unsafe to leave even the most respectable Frenchman in the society of an unprotected female. While we have deprecated, we have not too harshly condemned, his habit of using his hands as semaphores. But there is one thing we have never forgiven the Frenchman, and that is his vicious appetite for frogs and snails. Frogs and snails are simply *not done*. This revolting weakness has doomed a whole nation, otherwise accomplished, to being merely Froggies. We seem, as a people, to be rather apt to judge other nations by what they eat; and when they don't happen to eat the same things as ourselves—well, obviously, they stand self-condemned.

"We were held up for a whole fortnight with this film—during that cold spell!"

DRAWN BY TERNENT.

The Frog's Revenge. This insularity brings its revenges. Laugh at Fluellen for wearing a leek, and you may have to eat it (though nobody would mind *that* nowadays!). Jeer at him for devouring frogs, and before you know where you are you will be hungering for toads. That is exactly what is happening to us—just to teach us. Fifty thousand frogs and toads are soon to be served in London restaurants. Armies of frog-catchers are out among the ponds and marshes collecting "these reptiles" for the consumption of London's epicures. There is no doubt about it—it has been definitely announced by the German wireless, and you are not going to question *that*, are you? Well, let us accept the humiliation with a good grace. After all,

> the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet the precious jewel in his head.

As for frogs, I don't recollect ever having tasted them, but I have always understood that they are very delicate if rightly served—*i.e.*, cooked so as to be unrecognisable.

The Woolton Wanderers. But there's the rub! Who is going to cook the frogs, and how? The art has unfortunately been neglected by British housewives. It is difficult enough to get or to keep a cook at all nowadays, and if you confronted her with a basket of batrachians for dinner, I tremble to think what the reaction would be. An Englishwoman worthy of the name is not going to be insulted like that with impunity. However, under the moral suasion of the Ministry of Food's Flying Squads—known affectionately as the Woolton Wanderers—perhaps the British cook will be brought to see reason in the matter of frogs, as well as of potatoes, oatmeal, herrings and sprats. It is understood that these itinerant angels of mercy will flutter from house to house providing "home lessons" for housewives in how to "make do" and how to make two portions grow where one grew before. Nothing could be more admirable, but I have simpler tasks which I should like to set these ministrants. I should like them to visit thousands and thousands of Englishwomen and teach them (*a*) how to make a pot of tea; (*b*) how to boil a potato; (*c*) how to make a piece of toast, and (*d*) how to make a sago or a tapioca pudding. If we could emerge from the conflict with this simple knowledge diffused throughout the land, then I should think war not an unmixed evil.

Fly Away, Fly Away, Breath! An improved standard of cookery might mitigate an unexpected scourge which is adding materially to the War of Nerves. Whether it be over-indulgence in root vegetables or That Sinking Feeling which sometimes accompanies the approach of frightfulness, many among us are, it seems, suffering from chronic hiccups. Strange indeed are the by-products of war! There have been many gloomy predictions about pestilence, but not even Old Moore, I think, could have foreseen this humiliation. For a humiliation it is; it is impossible to suffer from hiccups and to retain one's dignity. Nor is it easy to remain captain of one's soul when one is not master of one's diaphragm. It is all very well to talk about free will, but a wayward midriff defies the strongest will. I knew a man once, of the most blameless life and of strictly temperate habits, who suffered from continuous hiccups for a fortnight and nearly died of them. He told me that what haunted him most was the mortifying thought of his epitaph being: "Died of hiccups." On the other hand, a writer to *The Times* states that in the eighteenth century a case was recorded of a woman suffering from hiccups for twenty years, and "no ill effect was observed." While this may be an inspiring example of patience, sufferers may not find it altogether encouraging. I have not come across any very valuable suggestions for overcoming this new menace, but if, as is commonly supposed, a fright is an effective method of treatment—well, the *Luftwaffe* will always oblige if you ask them nicely. A stick of bombs will generally deal successfully with a salvo of hiccups. Another good cure is to hold your breath until you quietly pass into the *Ewigkeit*.

The Man Menace. I regret to see that the sex war still goes on, just to provide a diversion in case there isn't enough war already. Lady Astor is reported to have given it as her considered opinion that "men are a menace to the world." I'm afraid it cannot be denied, but it is all part

"We have been knitting home comforts for the A.R.P."

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

of a larger trouble—namely, that human beings are a menace to the world and to each other; and, with the utmost chivalry, I fear we cannot exclude women from the general category of human beings. It would be nice and simple to be able to believe that all our troubles result from the defects of a "man-made world"; but if the Feminists will make a few researches—and they need not go very far back into history—they will find that members of their own sex have not always been conspicuous peace-makers. I suppose it was "just like a man" to put the blame on Helen of Troy, and she might reply with some justice that if men liked to go and launch a thousand ships just because a girl happened to look nice, it was their own silly fault. It isn't a complete answer, however; I 'm not *blaming* her, or any other girl, for making the most of herself, but there is no doubt that that sort of thing does lead to the launching of ships and makes it difficult to say that the world is "man-made." If anybody else said so, I rather fancy that the Feminists would be the first to protest!

The Home Fires. However, it is ungracious to talk like that when all the womanhood of the nation is being marshalled against the enemy. Of all the things that have happened to this country in the past eighteen months (can it be *only* eighteen months? one asks oneself), nothing, surely, is more significant of the sort of war which modern civilisation has made for itself. Only twenty-five years ago, in the middle of a desperate struggle and in days of great adversity, there were still many sincere persons who fought to the last ditch against conscripting even the men of England. Anybody who at that time had prophesied that within a generation all the women of England would also be embattled would have been regarded as mad, and dangerously mad at that. One can't help shedding a small tear over the final disappearance of the voluntary principle, so dear to the nineteenth century, but the tear is merely sentimental and irrelevant nowadays. Necessity is the mother of a numerous progeny besides invention. No more Keep the Home Fires Burning! It looks as if it is going to be poor old Father who'll have to do that. For myself, I can keep them burning if I can get the fuel, but I shall have to take some lessons in fire-laying (my scoutcraft having long since deserted me) and grate-blacking. It rather horrifies me to realise how long it is since I even blacked my own shoes or made my own bed, but I trust that when my country calls me to these great sacrifices, I shall remember the signal at Trafalgar and shall not shrink even from washing-up, which is probably the most loathsome duty required of any human being. I hope the rate of breakages will diminish, but I 'm none too sure.

Decline of the East. While all this national effort engulfs our man-power and woman-power, the side-kicks which war delivers at industry are very distressing. For example, not the least important industry of the Midlands, for many years past, has been to keep the East up to a truly Oriental standard. How would the bazaars of Bagdad, Cairo, Delhi and Hong Kong ever have been able to maintain their Chu Chin Chow reputation if Birmingham had not plentifully supplied them with Buddhas, temple bells, Benares brass-work, bronze cows and innumerable other curious objects of "exquisite Eastern workmanship"? No traveller in the Gorgeous East dared return to England without a trunk-full of these exotic encumbrances, though the Old Hands always waited till they got home and then went and bought a job-lot at the Caledonian Market. It is sad to learn that the export of Eastern curios to the East is badly hit. You can now pick up in Birmingham, for about five shillings, a four-legged idol or a sacred monkey, absolutely unique and of the most romantic pedigree, which would have cost you at least five pounds in the Chowringhee before the war. There just aren't any tourists, and of course no Oriental ever dreamed of buying any of these Oriental treasures. I suppose it must be the same with the output of genuine antiques. However, there is every reason to hope that the war will be only a temporary interruption of the labours of Messrs. Chippendale and Hepplewhite, who have produced so much and so indefatigably ever since they died.

Also Ran. Far be it from me to intervene in all this heated controversy about horse-racing, since I know less than nothing about the subject; but we have learned at our mothers' knees to believe in fair play, and it doesn't seem to me a fair contest between a racehorse and a greyhound on the one side and a pig and a hen on the other. For that is what it seems to come to; you 've got to choose between bloodstock and bacon and eggs. It is calculated that if you cut down the horses' and the dogs' meals by half, you could get ten million more eggs and a million more pounds of bacon. Well, I know that the horse is a Noble Animal, and nobody can say that of the pig, but there is also a certain quiet nobility about a new-laid egg on the breakfast-table. Everyone to his taste, of course, but as between the Stewards' Cup and an omelette, I am afraid I take a rather sordid, materialistic view. I will admit, however, that when people begin to talk in terms of ten million eggs, my head begins to whizz and my judgment is no longer reliable. Anyhow, whatever happens to selling-platers, I do think some allowance should be made for pedigree. It is reported that in Belgium the Germans are allowing special rations to dogs of Aryan lineage. A Dachs. has a gluttonous allowance, and even an Alsatian with a German sire is entitled to 20 lb. of biscuit per month. On the same principle, surely both the greyhound and the bulldog should be able to claim preferential treatment? We should never be above learning from our enemies.

"May I have it back when you 've done whatever it is to it?"

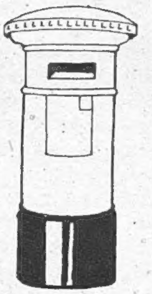
DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

Undress Uniform. Miss Gracie Fields has familiarised us with the difficulty of finding a suitable birthday present for a nudist. The practical complications of the *Naktkultur* are not confined to birthdays. What, for example, is the official uniform, authorised by the Ministry of Home Security, for a Naturist Air Raid Warden or fire-spotter? It is stated that a nudist village, with an efficient system of A.R.P., exists within twenty miles of London. One can see certain advantages: it must be a considerable convenience to have nothing to put on when one has to leap from bed and report for duty at the sound of the Banshee. But I cannot think that on chilly nights roof-spotting is one of the pastimes which nature intended for her more literal disciples. Is it impertinent to ask whether a tin hat, at least, is too great a concession to convention?

A Parlement of Foules. You have doubtless heard of a gaggle of geese and a pride of lions, but have you ever heard of a murmuration of starlings, a charm of goldfinches, a dopping of sheldrakes, a sedge of herons or an exaltation of larks? No, I 'm not an ornithologist—I have merely been following Ripley with the attention which his omniscience deserves. Thus one lives and learns—or, if one doesn't, it isn't Ripley's fault. If you want bright conversational topics unconnected with the war—and how necessary they are!—stick to Ripley.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—The Cliff Path has fallen in at last! I have been expecting it for years, and never went up that narrow bit without the palms of my hands growing damp as I pictured myself glissading rapidly down a landslide towards the sea, and the rest of the cliff falling on top of me. This phantasy was so depressing that I had to invent happy endings for it. One was that I miraculously managed to stay on top of the landslide and was rescued later, cool and smiling, on the end of a rope, by the fishermen. But the best ending was the one where, when the rescue party arrived, they found Perry digging furiously to show the spot where his mistress lay buried (a course of action which, I must admit, is entirely foreign to his nature), and he was later awarded the Dogs' V.C.

And now the Cliff Path has deceitfully fallen down in the middle of the night, without telling anybody, and so used are we to wumps, bumps and thuds, nobody dreamed for a moment that it was anything more exciting than a few of Mr. Hitler's bombs.

I always go to tea with Lady B. on Wednesdays. It is one of the high spots of the week. I take my knitting, and we have a sort of private Bee of our own, sitting cosily in front of the fire.

Yesterday, being Wednesday, I arrived punctually and happily, and it was a knock-down blow, I can tell you, Robert, to find a Hotel Visitor sitting in Perry's chair, her neat black court shoes resting on the fender.

" Cool and smiling on the end of a rope."

You can always tell Hotel Visitors, because they are generally dressed in black and much smarter than any of us except Faith, and they nearly always talk about Hotel food, the central heating, the size of their bedrooms, and quaintness of the Residents.

" My Friend Mrs. Brown," said Lady B.

" Ah, the Doctor's wife," said the Hotel Visitor, making me feel that my station was a lowly one.

" Mrs. Maltravers," said Lady B., who, having been married to a diplomat, was quite used to people not liking each other in drawing-rooms.

I gave Lady B. a Look, and she spread her hands and shrugged her shoulders, from which I gathered that the Hotel Visitor had come uninvited because she knew somebody who knew Lady B.

"' What a funny little doggie! '"

Perry stood looking at his chair in cold displeasure, and then went up to the Hotel Visitor and scraped her delicately with a little tan paw.

" What a funny little doggie! " she said. " Is it a whippet? "

" A Manchester Terrier," I said stiffly.

" Come along, Perry," said Lady B., and she tucked him up in his rug on my chair. I went and sat on an uncomfortable one a long way from the fire.

" As I was saying," said the Hotel Visitor, turning to Lady B., " it 's not a bad little room, and it faces the sea, but you couldn't swing a cat in it."

" And how do you find the food? " said Lady B., who, I could see, wanted to count her stitches.

The Hotel Visitor began to describe the Hotel Food, and Lady B. had time not only to count her stitches, but to read the knitting instructions as well.

" As I said to the Manager," said the Hotel Visitor, coming to the end of her story, " spaghetti is all very well, but nobody wants to have it *every* day."

" I wouldn't mind," I said, licking my lips, for the Hotel Food had sounded delicious.

" This *is* a quaint little place! " said the Hotel Visitor, leaning back in her chair and laughing merrily. " Such gossip! One is almost afraid to repeat anything. And how *selfish* they are about Evacuees! "

" Are they? " said Lady B., who has three.

" Of course, in a little place like this, the people are bound to be narrow-minded. Not that I call this *country*," said the Hotel Visitor. " It 's more like suburbia, really."

" Coming from Woking, you ought to know," said Lady B., who can somehow manage to say these things without sounding rude.

" But a dear little place all the same," said the Hotel Visitor. " I nearly took a house here."

Lady B. and I made gratified noises.

" The Bridge Club is very nice indeed, and the standard of play remarkably high."

Lady B. and I said we understood it was, though we didn't play ourselves.

" It was a dear little house," said the Hotel Visitor, " and so labour-saving. One could have run it perfectly with two servants and a char. I *very* nearly took it, only I was afraid of having Evacuees."

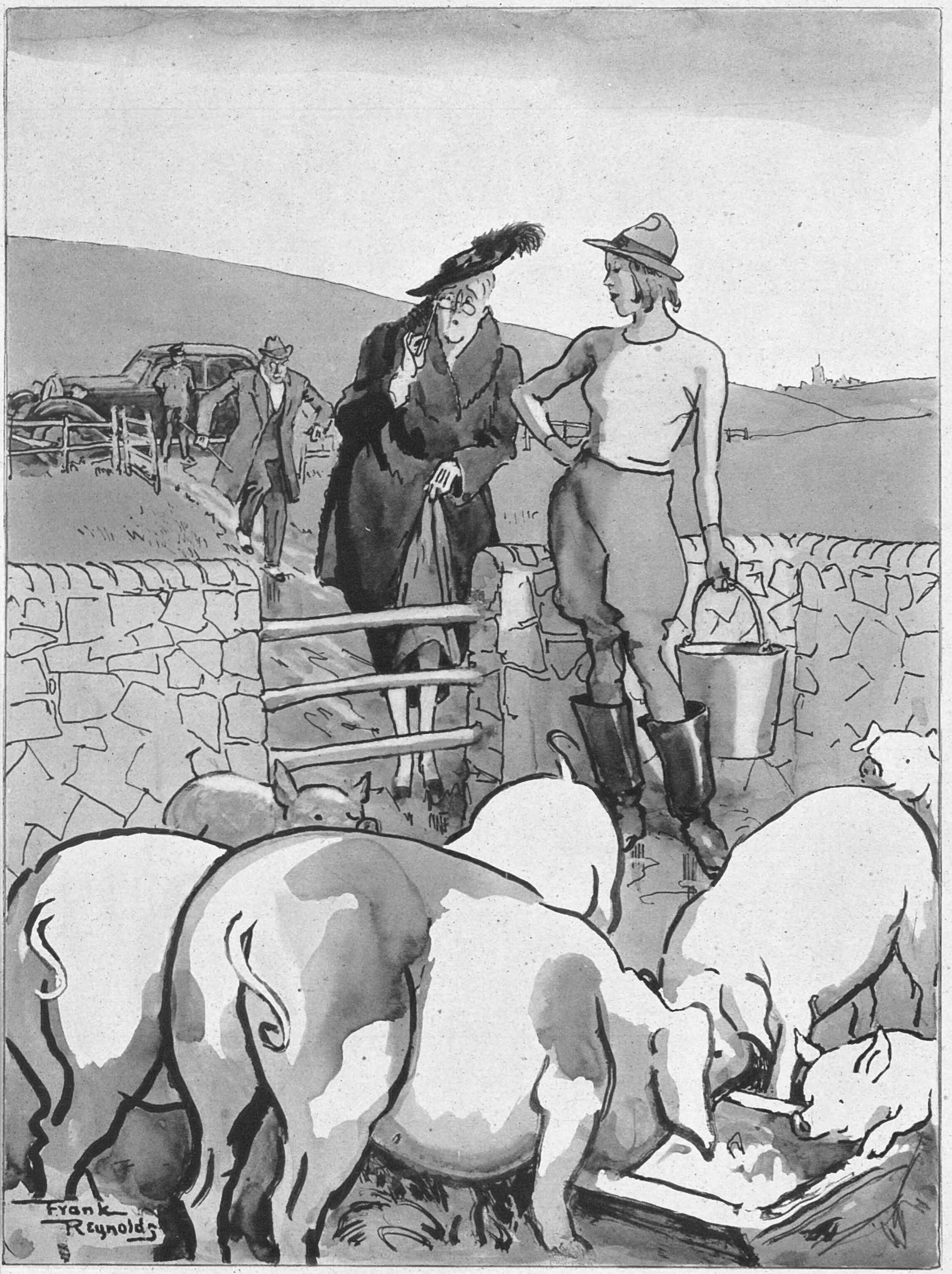
" They say we 'll have Evacuees sleeping in camp beds in our drawing-rooms soon," said Lady B.

" They 'll *ruin* this floor," said the Hotel Visitor.

Was it really absent-mindedness which made Lady B. pour a little milk into a saucer and place it on the floor?

" Was it really absent-mindedness? "

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.

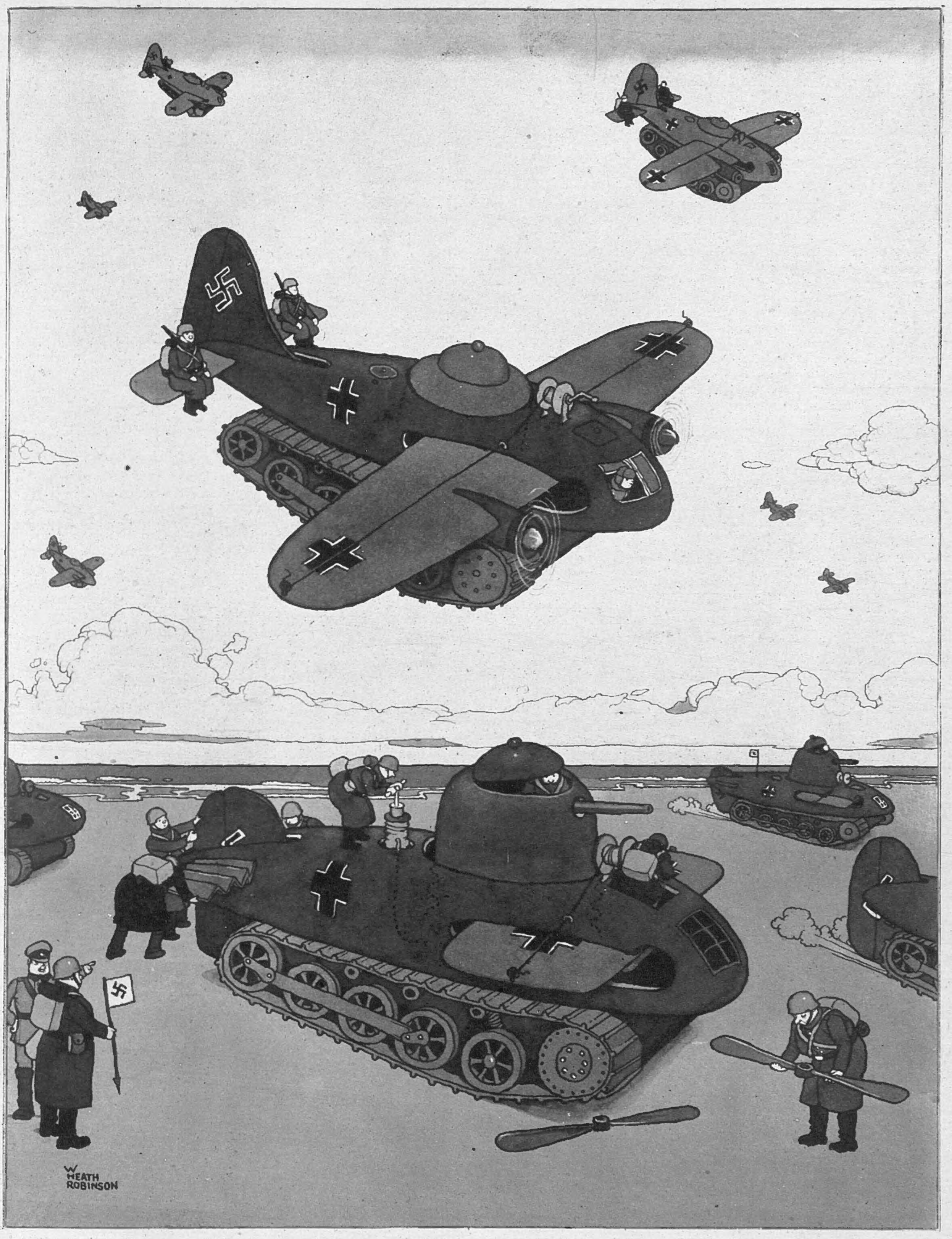


"HEAVENS, CHILD! AND TO THINK WE HAD YOU 'FINISHED' IN PARIS!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

NO RATION CARDS NEEDED!

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD.



HITLER'S NEW SECRET WEAPON.

W. Heath Robinson's military researches appear to have revealed a most important secret weapon designed for invasion purposes. This is the Aero-tank, here seen in operation. We need hardly point out that our experts have counter-weapons ready to defeat this new Nazi menace.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

I CAN'T say I ever thought the day would come when we should see Franchot Tone, that earnest member of Hollywood's intellectual set, in the Stetson and buckskins of a Western hero, but that 's how he appears in " TRAIL OF THE VIGILANTES " (Odeon). I still don't think that Mr. Tone is quite the cowboy type, but I am so glad to see him back on the screen after months of absence that he could turn up in a top-hat and a Roman toga and I shouldn't grumble.

It has always been a mystery to me that the screen didn't make more of Franchot Tone. Perhaps the truth is that he wouldn't let it. After his performance in " Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and that less known but even more sensitive performance in " Stranger's Return," he should have shot up into the top rank of film-stars. He is no Adonis, perhaps, but he has a face full of character, a voice with the curious emotional quality of an organ-stop, and a considerable knowledge of the actor's art. He is well liked, I have always found, by every sort of audience, even though he may not have evoked the Tyrone Power or Errol Flynn type of *schwärmerei*. Why has he never quite made the grade ? Is his personality, perhaps, a bit too positive ? Or is it just too realistic and modern ? Has the trouble been that no one could imagine Mr. Tone swashbuckling through a period piece, wearing tights and a sword-belt and saying " Quotha " ?

Buckskins, at all events, don't seriously hamper him in " Trail of the Vigilantes." He wears them with a wryish air, it 's true, rather as if he were attending the Three Arts Ball in fancy dress, but the part has been built to allow for that self-consciousness; if anything, to accentuate it. He appears as one Tim Mason, a private detective sent to Peaceful Valley to investigate a killing. There he makes friends with cowboys Swanee and Meadows (Broderick Crawford and Andy Devine), and although he has never saddled a horse in his life, gets a job as a prairie cowboy with the laconic name of " Kansas."

Lieut. Jerry Banning (SHEPPERD STRUDWICK) *explains to his sister, Lorna Gary* (RUTH HUSSEY), *the mechanism of an instrument he is designing to bring 'planes down safely in a fog. When he tries it out later, however, something goes wrong, and he is killed. Lorna in her distress, turns more and more to Alan Drake, and tells her husband something has come between them.*

Chief bad man of the district, he finds, is Mark Dawson (Warren William), head of the Cattlemen's Association, a " protective " body which operates on the simple plan of removing the cattle of every rancher who won't become a member. With the vigilant Kansas on the trail, the story follows the course of all Westerns, with gunplay, fist-fights, stage-coach robbery, and love, of course —wind-blown love with a brisk brunette (Peggy Moran). Thanks to Mr. Tone, and a general air of good-natured raillery, it is better than many Westerns—not up in the classic class of " Stagecoach " and " The Plainsman," but thoroughly entertaining of its type.

The title of " DOWN ARGENTINE WAY " (Regal) gives you a fairly clear idea of what to expect from this picture. It 's down Argentine way, but not quite there, if you know what I mean. There are rumbas and Hollywood race-plots ; Carmen Miranda, " the Brazilian Bombshell," lending her fiery charms to the support of cooler Don Ameche and Betty Grable ; and dear old Henry Stephenson, who is admittedly a donnish type, as a rather unexpected sort of Don, a South American ranch-owner named Diego.

You had better like song-numbers if you are going to see this picture, because there are no fewer than seven of them. The title number, " Sing to Your Señorita," and " Two Dreams Met," are probably the most ear-tickling. You had better like dancing, too, speciality and the other kind ; and hot, lush Technicolor and stories about the awful misunderstandings brought about through owning racehorses. The special horse of the piece, the embattled champ, is appropriately named Furioso, and he and his stable companions give charming performances. Carmen Miranda, who makes her screen début in the film, is a South American cabaret entertainer with a New York reputation. She sings in Spanish and speaks her English lines mainly by ear, but there 's seldom any doubt about her meaning. Tall, vivid, Miss Miranda is an exciting sort of person.

The U.S. Navy co-operated with M.-G.-M. in producing " Flight Command " (Empire). ROBERT TAYLOR *plays a young cadet pilot, Alan Drake, appointed to Fighting Squadron Eight—the " Hell Cats "—at the Naval Air Station, San Diego. One day he makes the acquaintance of Lorna, the wife of their beloved Squadron Commander, Bill Gary, and makes great friends with her. This, added to his putting them out of the running of a long-held championship, upsets the Squadron, and Drake is asked to resign. He does so.*

There 's nothing exotic about " THE GHOST TRAIN " (Gaumont). Filmed once before with Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge, it has been brought up to date as a " vehicle " for Arthur Askey. The little man with the celebrated big heart makes it a homely, almost a cosy thriller, practically a bed-time story. In case you don't remember, "The Ghost Train " concerns a miscellaneous group of people stranded at night in a wayside station. The station-master, a comfortless type of employee, I have always thought, entertains them with a local legend about a train accident of forty years ago, and a phantom express that thunders through at dead of night, bringing death to all who see it. Shortly afterwards, the station-master is murdered, and though I don't want to appear heartless, I should say a good thing too. I mean, careless talk, and all that. . . . Hasn't he seen the posters ?

Finally, there is " DR. KILDARE'S CRISIS " (Pavilion), for the people who can't have too much of the Kildare-Gillespie white-coat saga. This time the much-harassed young doctor (Lew Ayres) fancies he is marrying into a family with epileptic tendencies. That pretty nurse of his (Laraine Day) turns out to have a brother (Robert Young) who hears mysterious noises. The awful problem presents itself—shall the marriage which has been arranged over five films take place, or shouldn't it ? Mr. Ayres, being the sacrificial type, although a diagnostician, says yes. Miss Day, a credit to the nursing profession, says no. Old Dr. Gillespie (Lionel Barrymore) is called in to adjudicate. Going straight to the seat of the trouble, he discovers that the " epileptic " has merely been hit on the head by an automobile, and if the young couple don't manage to get married by the next picture, we 'll start clicking our tongue and calling it a disgrace.

Before acceptance of his resignation comes in, Drake and another pilot carry on with the designing of Jerry's new device. During manœuvres, the Squadron Commander Bill Gary (WALTER PIDGEON) *crashes in a fog. Drake picks him up and helped by the new invention pilots him safely to the landing-ground, where Lorna rushes to meet her husband, and tell him all is well between them. Drake's name and position are saved ; his resignation is refused, and the " Hell Cats " accept him as one of themselves.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON.

KING OF THE NATION WHICH HAS FOUND ITS SOUL.

"I have great news for you and the whole country. Early this morning the Yugoslav nation found its soul." With these words, Mr. Churchill announced that the Yugoslavian Government which surrendered to the Axis had been overthrown, and that seventeen-year-old KING PETER *had taken over the reins. His manifesto said: "Serbians, Croatians, Slovenes, at this moment so grave for our people I have decided to take the Royal power into my own hands." The young King is the eldest son of the late King Alexander and of Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, and is a great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria.*

A LITTLE DISTRACTION IN WARTIME.

By THEODORA BENSON and BETTY ASKWITH.

Authors of "Foreigners; or the World in a Nutshell."

ILLUSTRATED BY TOPOLSKI.

MINK coats were the note of the afternoon concert for residents at the Dorchester. Every Wednesday at 5.30 a concert takes place and the mink coats are there.

There were other things, of course, such as music, Major Cazalet, who organises the concerts and makes a little speech, several celebrities, and the Orchid Room itself. These concerts are good: Bach, Brahms, what will you; and if a great pianist or violinist ever disappoints Major Cazalet, he has the knowledge necessary for providing a substitute of very real talent. The

Impression of a Wednesday concert with members of the audience in uniform.

In the lobby: smart officers and well-turned-out women.

enthusiastic residents flock appreciatively to the treat provided free for them; and the whole idea seems a very good thing, for life in a great hotel, though in a sense civilised, is not civilising, and nowhere could good music be needed more.

Funny hats were the note of the bar. A small pink-and-blue pancake, a black one so large that it was not a pancake but a Gainsborough, a tuft of flowers crowning yards and yards of gauze that enwrapped the cute little owner like Lady Godiva's tresses. One lovely creature might have been the sweetheart of famous Johnnie who stayed so long at the fair, for her hat was nothing but a bunch of blue ribbons (chiffon, as luck would have it) that crested her bonny brown hair.

What very different atmospheres the various well-frequented bars have! Probably they would be less frequented if they were less distinctive. The Ritz bar, for instance, is lofty and like a set on the musical comedy stage; while at the Dorchester, with the low ceiling and air-conditioning, one had the illusion of being on board ship.

It would be hard on any of us to be judged by remarks made in bars, but it is always rather a pleasure to overhear them. A girl and a young man discussed a club.

"I hear it's madly gay."

"Do you? I hear it's torture."

"Oh, my dear, it's exactly the same *thing*."

An exquisitely funny hat told an airman a plaintive anecdote.

"To poach my very first incendiary bomb! And it couldn't have mattered to her—she's put out dozens."

We could not follow a "Waaf's" story about friends in the W.V.S., but the last words were impressively delivered:

"What became of the mouse-trap nobody *ever* knew."

We moved to dinner at about 8.30; soon to be crowded to capacity, the place had not yet filled up. We tried to remember how long it was since the sofas had vanished from the round restaurant ball-room.

Rationing seems to have put the Dorchester on its mettle. Indeed, this is the general reaction. To the domestic-minded woman, food restrictions have made house-keeping more of an art; to the undomestic, more of a game. And never have the 1s. 6d. pub lunches been better and more filling. So perhaps it was natural that we were served the best dinner with which the Dorchester had provided us for some time. Even the oysters appeared to have made a special war effort; we had never tasted them more succulent.

An agreeable diversity of uniforms adorned the floor of the ballroom. There was a Polish officer in his khaki tunic; and a *very* fine specimen of the Free French Navy. But our fullest support was given to a young Canadian airman. He had a square, Transatlantic face and hair brushed back and up in a thick shock, like the young men who wear Arrow shirts and buy Chrysler cars in advertisements in the *New Yorker*. He had very white teeth and two dimples, and of all the people moving under the silver dome he was probably enjoying himself the most.

However, almost all the company seemed to be enjoying themselves well enough. Bored sophistication has rather gone out in these days of the 'forties and the English no longer take their pleasures sadly. Perhaps the grim-and-gay slogan took root in the hearts of the nation, or perhaps it was an expression of what had already come to pass. Most of the funny hats and the mink coats take a share in the grim side of life to-day; obviously the uniforms do. And they are gay, not wild or hysterical, but just gay, like the demolition men and the factory girls at the local.

In the Orchid Room; concerts are arranged there every Wednesday.

AN ARTIST VIEWS LONDONERS DINING AND DANCING IN WARTIME.

Uniforms at dinner—including those of American hospital officials.

In the ballroom: a fine bouquet of beautiful young girls.

Uniforms and afternoon dress: a variety of feminine wartime fashions.

Relaxation after a hard day's work: a scene in the dining-room.

A fine display of inventiveness in hats: a view of the crowded bar.

THIS week FELIKS TOPOLSKI has visited the Dorchester, one of the places where Londoners can enjoy a little distraction and relaxation from the hard work which fills most of their day. As described on our facing page by the Hon. Theodora Benson and the Hon. Betty Askwith, excellent concerts are arranged there every Wednesday, and in the evening one can dine and dance; while the bar invariably draws a good crowd. Uniforms are worn by most men, and many women, but it's a relief to know that frivolity and inventiveness in feminine fashions have not been killed by wartime conditions. The hats are of a fantasy calculated to cheer up even the most confirmed pessimist.

DRAWINGS BY FELIKS TOPOLSKI.

AIR COMMODORE P. HUSKINSON, "*beautiful bomb*" - *designer—for knowing how to make* "ars longa, vita brevis."

ALICE PUGH—*for early going the fishy way towards her appointment as aquarium keeper.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MAJOR L. H. BRANSON—*for being a* "*Wizard*" *in aid of the Red Cross.*

CAPTAIN G. L. D. GIBBS—*for his ghoulish appetite for German grouse when acting the* "*corpse.*"

OF AIR COMMODORE P. HUSKINSON Lord Beaverbrook says: "He designs bombs. Fat bombs. Thin bombs. And beautiful bombs." He is Director of Armament Development at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, and one of Lord Beaverbrook's "Back-room Boys."

ALICE PUGH, of Worcestershire, was a schoolgirl who used her spare time to go fishing with the boys. Now she has been appointed the Dudley Zoo's aquarium keeper at fifteen, mixing their food, aerating the water, and tending to their ailments. She doesn't catch them any more; they come to her when she calls.

CAPTAIN G. L. D. GIBBS, D.S.O., R.N., who retired after the last war and became consular shipping adviser in Narvik, took refuge in the mountains when the Germans entered the town. The Mayor brought him back later disguised as a corpse, concealing him in an empty house next door to which some German officers were billeted. One night he made a good meal off some white grouse intercepted on their way to a German general's table.

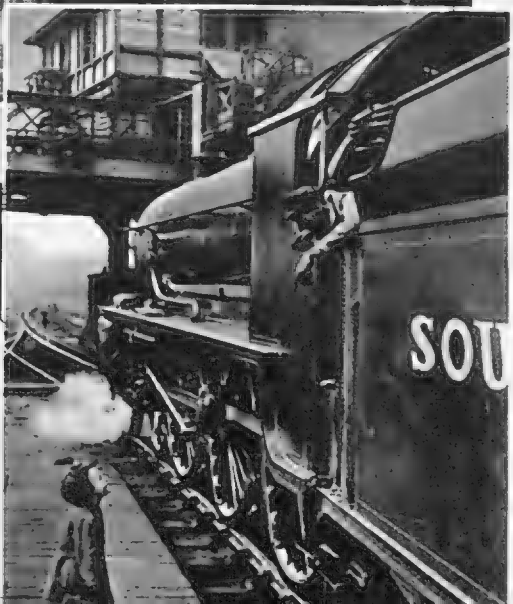
15-year-old JOHN THOMAS CAIN—*for the bravery which made him the youngest recipient of the George Medal.*

MAJOR L. H. BRANSON (Indian Army retired) was known as the "Wizard of Mesopotamia" for his work in connection with Arab chiefs and Intelligence reports. He is now Hon. Vice-President of the Magic Circle, Command performer, and Gold Medallist at Sleight of Hand. He has given over 100 performances in card manipulation to the Forces, runs a junk shop in Winchester in aid of the Red Cross, and has handed over to them a sum of nearly £1000.

THE youngest person to receive the George Medal is fifteen-year-old JOHN THOMAS CAIN, costermonger of Hackney. With the police, he entered a basement shelter under a blazing factory after H.E. had made a direct hit, and freed six men from the blazing wreckage, carrying them on doors and planks to safety. If they had not entered the factory the men would have been burnt to death. The police also received the George Medal.

DURING a visit to the South-West of England MR. MENZIES, Australian Prime Minister, inspected a Coastal Command Air Station, where he met members of the Royal Australian Air Force, and took a shot at them with his ciné camera.

MR. MENZIES, *Australian Premier—for coming up from down under to have a shot at his men.*



COLLECTION AND RECOLLECTION.

Susan, aged four, is trying out her mother's "Penny-a-Week" Red Cross collecting-box on the engine-driver of a West Country express as it goes through her home station, and unconsciously giving a most excellent re-creation of the famous Southern Railway poster, "South for Sunshine," reproduced in miniature in the corner of this page. This poster was used all over Great Britain and also on the Continent as a S.R. advertisement. It was originally an amateur snapshot sent to the Southern Railway, and was taken many years ago. In fact, the little boy seen on the platform is now a grown-up man resident in Canada.

THE LADIES OF FAYGATE: LADY HAWKE AND HER DAUGHTERS.

" *Catch !* " LADY HAWKE *and her elder daughter, the* HON. CAROLINE HAWKE, *enjoy a game in spring sunshine.*

" *Swing high, swing low !* " *Lady Hawke plays with her younger daughter, the* HON. ANNABEL HAWKE, *in their outdoor " nursery."*

Lady Hawke, Caroline and Ranger find something to interest them in the park. Lady Hawke is a daughter of Mr. Henry Faure Walker.

The first Lord Hawke, victor of Quiberon, with tankards from his ship below the portrait and cricket balls belonging to the seventh Lord Hawke.

LADY HAWKE, wife of the ninth Baron, is now staying at Faygate Place, their Sussex home, with her daughters, four-year-old Caroline and baby Annabel. Faygate contains many fine pictures and furniture, including a portrait of the first Lord Hawke, the eighteenth-century Admiral, who defeated the French at Quiberon in 1759. There are also some Nelson relics, including the desk from his cabin in the " Victory," and souvenirs from a more recent past in the form of cricket balls with which the seventh Lord Hawke, uncle of the present holder of the title, made some of his record scores.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

BOMBER CREW'S DRESSING-ROOM.

This photograph and those on the following pages tell the story of a day in the life of a bomber pilot—or at least show how he starts out for a flight over enemy territory and what the procedure is on his return. Here the CAPTAIN, HIS SECOND PILOT AND THE FOUR SERGEANTS WHO FORM THE REMAINDER OF THE CREW *are dressing in the crew room before the raid.*

"BRIEFING IN," *or receiving final instructions; the Intelligence Officer points out to the crew particular features in the target area.*

BEFORE AND AFTER THE RAID: "BRIEFING IN" AND INTERROGATION.

PHOTO

BACK AGAIN, WITH THEIR OBJECT ACHIEVED: *the detailed interrogation of the crew by the Intelligence Officer.*

In R.A.F. language "briefing in" means receiving final instructions before starting on a flight over enemy territory, which are given by means of a target map. Before they set out on each long-distance flight, bombing-raid pilots and crews are allowed 1s. 6d. for food purchase. This they spend as they wish at their canteen. They have always had a good meal shortly before taking off, so they do not need to take much with them, but like to have something to chew, largely to relieve the monotony of a long flight when a cigarette is out of the question. When the crew return, the Intelligence Officer makes a detailed interrogation and hears of the success of the raid, and also of any special observations which the pilot has been able to make.

EATON.

DALI MYSTIFIES DALI.

SALVADOR DALI *turns author. A library study of the Surrealist artist at work. And the statue? "Just to make people ask questions," he says.*

MRS. DALI *seems less surprised than* SALVADOR *when looking over the MS. of his book, "The Secret Life of Salvador Dali."*

A typically Dali picture, of which the artist gives no explanation. He is reported to have remarked that it even mystifies himself.

SALVADOR DALI, the well-known Spanish-born Surrealist artist resident in Paris before the war, is living in the U.S.A. He has been working on new paintings for his forthcoming New York exhibition, and will no doubt present some horrifying visions and strange pictures. He says that, as they mystify himself, he can't be expected to explain them. He is also writing a book, "The Secret Life of Salvador Dali," which may offer an equally baffling series of puzzles to his admirers.

"Vision of War," a new Dali painting. He has been at work at an estate near Bowling Green, Va., U.S.A., in preparation for his New York show due on April 22.

CHELSEA ARTIST AT WORK.

"No, No. A Thousand Times No," is the title of JAMES PROUDFOOT'S *portrait of a lay figure. Ellen Pollock as Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Moore Raymond, and (extreme right) Diana Gould are the subjects of the other pictures.*

Right: The painter is at work, the model resting for a moment in this studio study. The portrait on the top-left is of Manning Pike, inventor. His queer boots are designed to carry him forward with a rolling movement.

I, famous model, and daughter and granddaughter nodels, is helping James Proudfoot to settle a small technical question.

LL thinking people realise the immense importance of carrying on with music and the arts spite of the dislocations of war. The second time Royal Academy will open on May 5, and remain open until August 9. Here we give king portrait-studies of JAMES PROUDFOOT, .I., taken in his Chelsea studio. Toni, beautiful model who is seen in some of the lies, is the granddaughter of the original of d Leighton's "Psyche at the Bath"; and her her has sat for many distinguished artists, including the late Philip de Laszlo.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TUNBRIDGE.

t: STANLEY GRIMM, *fellow-artist, comes to call James Proudfoot. The portrait of Mr. Henry nbury was exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1939.*

"QUEEN'S MESSENGERS," WAR SERVICE, WEDDINGS AND LINCOLN.

H.M. the QUEEN *has paid for the first of the flying convoys of eight vehicles to rush food to bombed areas. She presented these "Queen's Messengers," as they are called, to Lord Woolton at Buckingham Palace.*

H.R.H. *the* DUCHESS OF KENT *with London children wearing garments sent to them by the British Children's Comforts Fund of New South Wales, at the H.Q. of the National Council of Girls' Clubs.*

MISS FRANCES DAY *went to Lincoln for the opening of flat racing.*

MRS. JOHN MUSKER *is seen at Lincoln Spring Meeting, talking to* MAJOR MURRAY.

MRS. MICHAEL MENZIES, *formerly Miss Kay Stammers (left), serving, with* MRS. JAMES HARRIS, *at the "Bring-and-Buy" shop, Windsor, in aid of the Edward VII. Hospital.*

MISS DORIS MARGARET COMERY, *daughter of Mr. F. C. Comery, married* MR. JOHN TURNER JOHNSTON, *son of Mr. W. T. Johnston, at South Shawlands Church, Glasgow.*

The marriage of MISS NANCY HARMOOD-BANNER, *younger daughter of Sir Harmood Harmood-Banner, and Captain J. Jardine-Hunter-Paterson will take place shortly.*

SUB.-LIEUT. RONALD HOWARD, *twenty-one-year-old son of screen-star Leslie Howard, married* MISS PATRICIA HORSMAN *at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bridegroom and his famous father, who resemble each other closely, have broadcast together in U.S.A.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

THE "BERNHARDT OF ATHENS"—TORPEDOED IN THE ATLANTIC.

MADAME PAXINOU, *distinguished Greek actress, came to England two years ago with the Royal Greek Theatre Company and appeared in "Electra" and "Hamlet," and also as Mrs. Alving in an English performance of "Ghosts." She was recently in a ship which was torpedoed. She was rescued by a British destroyer and reached England again. Her adventures are described in an article in the current issue of "The Illustrated London News." Speaking of her experiences in the destroyer, she says: "And then came the reward for our disaster. For I saw British character in flower—or should I say in flame? . . . as I laughed with them and saw them at their duty, I knew that the war was won. That spirit can never be beaten."*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THIS week it is my pleasant task to welcome a new series, "Britain in Pictures"; or, to be more accurate, three new series, for, besides Britain, the Penns-in-the-Rocks Press are publishing illustrated commentaries on the countries of the British Empire ("The British Commonwealth in Pictures"), and illustrated anthologies of the English poets ("The English Poets in Pictures"). The standard of production of these booklets could not be higher than it is, and the price (3s. 6d. for the prose studies; 2s. 6d. for the poets) could not well be lower. At any time such a contribution to our cultural knowledge of ourselves and the peoples associated with us would be remarkable; coming in the war, when culture is apt to languish, it is astonishing—at once a fulfilment and (since the three series are far from complete) a promise.

The Tradition of English Poetry.

Lord David Cecil, commenting on the fact that "the greatness of English poetry has been astonishingly continuous," observes that "German music and Italian painting flourished at most for two hundred years. England has gone on producing great poets from the fourteenth century to to-day; there is nothing like it in the history of the arts."

This, I think, might be questioned. Between Chaucer and Spenser there is a gap of nearly two hundred years in which little great poetry was written in England, unless we include the ballads; and to say that Italian painting flourished only for two hundred years is surely an understatement. Moreover, painting in France can, I believe, boast a history of achievement as continuous if not quite so glorious, as can poetry in England; while in China the arts flourished without much interruption for something like two thousand years. Be that as it may, however, the long tradition of English poetry is one on which we may justly pride ourselves; and Lord David's appreciation of the English poets is an astonishing feat. In the course of a few pages (forty-six, to be exact, but portraits claim a large part of the space) he contrives to give a summary of all the more important English poets, in a manner so masterly, with a gift for classification so spontaneous and just, a choice of epithet so apt, inspiring and suggestive, that the reader, seeing how easily it is done, might be deluded into thinking it was easy to do. Even the links in this chain of brilliants—the greeting and the speeding of each new name—are of exquisite workmanship; and, as was the case in the same writer's introduction to his anthology of religious poets, the generalisations are fresh and wonderfully illuminating. Of Shakespeare he says: "He is the supreme spectator; content to report what he sees, and let us draw a lesson from it if we can." Of the poets of the late seventeenth and the eighteenth century: "Theirs is predominantly social poetry. It deals not with the elemental passions of man, nor with his solitary dreams and visions; but with those subjects that interest him as a member of an organised society with established standards and conventions." Of Shelley: "His mood hovered between rapture at life as he wished it to be and despair at life as he found it." Of Browning: "In him, we find the wilful determination of the romantic to be himself at all costs, carried to its limits." One could multiply such instances many times. Hard and finely cut as they are, these crystallisations of judgment dissolve easily in the mind, stimulating and replenishing it.

These portraits of TYPICAL R.A.F. PILOTS *were done by Olive Snell from a squadron which has "reached its hundredth mark," and probably topped it by the time we come out. The C.O. in the centre and several others wear their well-earned D.F.C. ribbons. This squadron, besides its later Battle of Britain efforts, was one of those kept very, very busy at Dunkirk.*

DRAWN BY OLIVE SNELL.

Music in England.

Mr. W. J. Turner's exceedingly interesting companion volume, "English Music," is rather a history of the development of music in England (and abroad) than an attempt to assess, in brief, the essential qualities and achievements of individual composers; and necessarily so, for though music is indebted to us for many distinguished names, they do not jostle each other as our poets do.

It is gratifying to learn that Erasmus, writing about music in the time of Henry VIII., observed that "The English could lay claim to be the best-looking, the most musical and to the best tables of any people." (This remark does not tally in spirit, even if it does in letter, with some of his sentiments about our country, as we shall see later.) "This musical activity," says Mr. Turner, "lasted until the rise of Puritanism." The Protectorate divided the nation; Charles II. had lived too much abroad to be a typical Englishman; succeeding monarchs did not patronise the arts. It is Mr. Turner's thesis that only in a time of national unity can the arts flourish. All the same, one of the greatest English composers, Purcell, lived through a period of internal disunion (1658-1695). Later, Mr. Turner says: "A genuine and inspired popular music can only come direct from the life of the people." I suppose this is true; it is also true that some composers, whose work now seems to represent the spirit of their age (Mozart, for instance), sometimes, at the time of writing, got no support from popular opinion. Since the Industrial Revolution, and perhaps a little before, the great artist has tended to become a rebel against the age in which he lives, instead of its spokesman.

(Continued overleaf.

NEW—AND NEWER—FACES AT THE APOLLO.

CHARLES HAWTREY *and some of the Girls; an amusing group from "New Faces," now reinstalled in London.*

ANNE ALLEN, CHARLES HAWTREY *and* BILL FRASER *as the wife, the lover and the husband, in a skit on a Ronald Frankau production.*

BILL FRASER, ERIC MICKLEWOOD *and* BETTY ANN DAVIES *as the Compère, the Boy and the Girl in a skit on a Firth Shephard production.*

MOIRA KENNETT, JOAN ALEXIS *and* MADALYN ARNOLD *in "Can-Can," a skit on a George Black production.*

"Room 504," with JUDY CAMPBELL *and* ERIC MICKLEWOOD *as the Lady and the Boots.*

BILL FRASER *and* BETTY ANN DAVIES *as the Father and the Schoolgirl in "Geography."*

"NEW FACES," the Eric Maschwitz revue, which left London on account of the *Blitz* of last September, has now returned; for a new edition has just been presented at the Apollo. Some of the "New Faces" have become well-known theatrical faces, and there are some "Newer Faces," for several members of the original cast have been called up and replaced. The show is gay, witty and ironical and provides plenty of good laughs.

"Bali Sugar," a skit on a Dorothy Lamour film, with ERIC MICKLEWOOD, EDMUND GRAY *and* JUDY CAMPBELL.

Continued.]

Shelley, some of whose poems are here collected, and edited, with an introduction, by Dorothy Wellesley, was such an artist. The age was anathema to him, and he to it, certainly to the members of his own family (his sisters, the editor tells us, always referred to him as "poor Percy," "regarding him to the end as a failure and an outcast"). This is a delightful little book. Most of the poems are "old favourites," but one (I am ashamed to say), from "Prince Athanase," was new, or next to new, to me.

Another Aspect of England. Mr. John Steegman's "Cambridge" does not belong to the Penns-in-the-Rocks series; it is a "Batsford book." But spiritually it does, for it describes one of the most beautiful towns in England, and perhaps the most enviable life, or fragment of life, that can be enjoyed there or elsewhere. Under a somewhat flippant and not infrequently derisive manner, Mr. John Steegman conceals a passion for the University of Cambridge, its history, its traditions, its buildings (with some notable exceptions), its way of life and its attitude to life. Like many enthusiasts (religious enthusiasts, for instance), he enjoys making fun of the objects of his veneration; and there are some abstract, and many concrete phenomena in Cambridge which arouse his liveliest scorn. Some of these receive castigation in the chapter entitled "Modern Architecture in Cambridge," which is one of the most entertaining in this very entertaining book. Writing of the "extraordinarily depressing area which is one of the most intense concentrations of scientific knowledge in England," he says—

The head swims as one enters this sacred region. Some of the temples were opened in 1904 by King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and probably most of the spectators got more satisfaction from contemplating the lovely and unlearned Queen than from the learned and unlovely buildings.

Cambridge and Erasmus. Many people must have felt, in recent years, a longing to return to the past, to be reborn in almost any age which had not discovered the possibilities of mechanised warfare. But I suppose that such a nostalgia should not be indulged in too uncritically. In the early history of Cambridge life for many of the students, if not solitary and short, was poor, nasty, and brutish—and dangerous too, so fierce were the quarrels between Town and Gown. In the early sixteenth century another kind of battle—an internecine feud—broke out, between the "Trojans" and the "Grecians." Erasmus set the ball rolling by instituting the teaching of Greek. In spite of his encomium of England quoted by Mr. Turner, he seems to have hated Cambridge; he complained "loudly and often" about its beer, and "imported great quantities of Burgundy, which helps a lot" (Mr. Steegman spitefully adds) "in explaining his chronic financial difficulties." The dispute, as Mr. Steegman, who has an unfailing eye for the shortcomings of the sister University, is quick to point out, went to much greater lengths at Oxford, where it had to be suppressed by the intervention of that peace-loving monarch, Henry VIII.

Thus, at any rate until quite recently, the march of Time has had the result of making the world safer for Cambridge. With the help of beautiful and well-chosen photographs and reproductions of old pictures, and a brilliant letterpress, Mr. Steegman illustrates the effect of that march on Cambridge as briefly and lucidly as it could be done.

A Domestic Problem. "Tadpole Hall" seems like a war-novel, though the greater part of its action takes place in that tense, no-man's land of time, the week before war was declared. Miss Helen Ashton is a novelist who can be relied on not to let one down, nor does she do so here. Her description of the coming of war conditions to the country village of Lambscot could hardly be bettered. Tadpole Hall, owned by the gentle and charming Colonel Heron, managed by his angular and masterful sister, is the focal point of the story; and the controlling situation is that which arises when the sister, rather against her brother's wish, engages as domestic staff an Austrian refugee couple—the man Jewish, his wife "Aryan," and a member of an old aristocratic family. He is suspicious and complaining, with a nervous system shattered by Nazi brutality; she a warm-blooded, vital woman, anxious to adapt herself to new conditions. One of these conditions is the widowed Colonel Heron; but he falls in love with her, though unaware of it, before she falls in love with him.

Interesting sketches of neighbours and of the Colonel's two daughters fill up the outlines of the story, but these tend to recede into the background as the situation between Colonel Heron and the refugees develops. The issue is not in doubt; I think that if it had been the story would have gained. Miss Ashton cuts the Gordian knot—not before it tightens, Herr Hahn's behaviour is too sensational for that, but before its emotional possibilities are exhausted.

The officers of **FIGHTER COMMAND**, *some of whom are shown here, could hardly have a finer fighter at their head than Air Marshal W. Sholto Douglas. In the last war he received the M.C., D.F.C., and French Croix de Guerre, was mentioned in despatches three times, and his squadron, equipped with the famous "S.E.5" fighters, destroyed 201 enemy aircraft and drove another 149 down out of control. He was appointed Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Fighter Command last autumn.*

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The English Poets. By Lord David Cecil. (*Penns-in-the-Rocks Press: Collins*; 3s. 6d.)
English Music. By W. J. Turner. (*Penns-in-the-Rocks Press: Collins*; 3s. 6d.)
Shelley. Edited by Dorothy Wellesley. (*Penns-in-the-Rocks Press: Collins*; 2s. 6d.)
Cambridge. By John Steegman. (*Batsford*; 10s. 6d.)
Tadpole Hall. By Helen Ashton. (*Collins*; 7s. 6d.)

MARRIED LIFE—BY CAROLE LOMBARD AND ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

"MR. AND MRS. SMITH," due at the New Gallery on March 30, is a domestic life film. Ann (CAROLE LOMBARD) *and David* (ROBERT MONTGOMERY) *are in the middle of a three-day quarrel.*

Romance recaptured! The Smiths revisit an old haunt with the idea of having the happiest of evenings together.

That difficult meal! Ann Smith has not broken herself of the fatal habit of asking David questions at breakfast-time.

Triangle: David, Ann and Jeff (GENE RAYMOND). *Jeff is David's partner, and is in love with Ann too.*

Quarrelsome car ride: Ann and David indulge in cold, destructive taunts as they squabble.

THE troubles, difficulties and pitfalls of married life are amusingly demonstrated by Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery in "MR. AND MRS. SMITH." Ann and David have a domestic bliss plan. One rule is that in the event of a quarrel neither is to leave their bedroom until it's made up. After a three-day bedroom session, David goes to his office and receives the information that his marriage to Ann is technically illegal. He tells her; she imagines that he wants to be a bachelor again, throws him out, and resumes her maiden name. There is, of course, the *tertium quid*, Jeff, partner of David, but after some grandly hilarious quarrelling sequences, married life is re-established.

Big-scale domestic brawl! Ann and David quarrel so loudly that they draw a crowd on Fifth Avenue.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING COMMENCES.*

By RICHARD OLIVER.

PAMELA BERKELEIGH hastily pushed the letters and cards into her bag. From her chair on the verandah she glimpsed the car pass behind the square-cut holly hedge. She glanced round the tea-table and pushed another plate over; Godfrey had someone with him—she had seen two Air Force-blue forage-caps over the hedge. For a second or so she was pensive, her full lower lip caught by her teeth—would Godfrey be on duty to-night? Had he forgotten the date? He was busy—yes, worried—yes; but to forget his wife's birthday and only three years married! Momentarily a gleam of anger passed over her dark beauty—after all, what was a wife's birthday when men were dying in the air daily. Max, Godfrey's twin brother, had "gone down" over Hunland but three weeks before, and no one seemed to be able to find out whether he was alive or dead. One mustn't lose one's sense of proportion. Godfrey hadn't said much, but the laughter wasn't so often in his eyes, and the slow smile beneath the clipped, fair moustache came less often. Twins have affinities unfathomable by others.

As Godfrey strolled across the lawn—six-foot-two, held erect, the August sun dappling his smooth, back-brushed fair hair—she smiled proudly. No one was *quite* like him; Max had been—she could not help thinking in the past tense about Max—nearly an exact replica physically, but Max was rougher, cruder in thought and deed. Godfrey was *her* man. The two men came up to the table.

"You know Philip—the Wireless Wonder. Puts permanent waves into all the cat's-whiskers in the office." Godfrey introduced Squadron Leader Philip Crawstone.

"We met once before. How's the war?"

"Nothing unusual—a bit of a flap on, dear," said Godfrey nonchalantly.

Had he forgotten her birthday? Pamela's bright smile hid her thoughts. Her voice was studiously careless.

"You're not on duty to-night, are you? What's the good of being chief cypher officer at headquarters if you can't make the others do the rotten jobs?"

"Sorry, Pam—got to do the night watch."

"Oh, hell—and I did want to run up to town—it's—it's—well, it's a gala night at 'The Backsliders.'"

Godfrey smiled; that slow, assured smile that could be so charming, or *so* irritating. He sensed something of Pamela's annoyance.

"Have you seen the cabaret at 'The Backsliders,' Phil? It's a good show, I hear."

"No—I'd like to. Can I—I say, may I take Mrs. Berkeleigh?"

Pamela's teeth caught her lower lip. Anger boiled as she poured the tea. She hardly knew this man Crawstone; she was being pushed on to him for an evening out. That sort of imperiousness—crude thoughtlessness—she might have expected from Max. It was the chief difference between the twins; Max rode roughshod; Godfrey seemed to know the wishes of those he cared about without words. There was only one way of spending the evening for her, and that was with Godfrey; if he couldn't be there, well, she would go to bed, and nurse her resentment. She left herself a loophole without being too rude.

"I'm awfully keen—I'll see how Valerie's cold is—she's got a bit of a temperature."

"Valerie! You said nothing about it." The quick interest in Godfrey's voice nearly softened Pamela's heart. The tiny atom of humanity in the house behind her was of great importance.

A telephone bell tinkled in the house. "Damn—that's me, I expect—'scuse me."

"There isn't any big show on, is there?" Pamela asked. Perhaps there was *some* excuse for Godfrey, something apart from work and Max being missing.

"No; the usual guff. The Huns might put up a bigger attack at any time now, of course."

"Godfrey seems worried—taking a poor view of life."

"You see, all the secret orders come through the officer in charge," Crawstone continued; "come in in plain language—ordinary words, I mean—then we pass them out to be encyphered and dispatched, and the fighters take off—and—it sounds conceited—but we're the only avenue for the orders for the movements of all the fighter aeroplanes in Britain."

He was interrupted by Godfrey shouting from the house. "I've got to get back early—someone's boobed over something I sent through. I'll send the car back for you, Crawstone. Sorry, Pam—look after Valerie and get to bed early."

What did that mean? Get to bed early! Was she to go out with Crawstone or not? Not a word about her birthday.

Crawstone was conscious of tension, and wondered what was wrong with Mrs. Berkeleigh. A little firework of a girl, anyway—curious how reasonable blokes like the Wing Commander always married women who would detonate if someone struck a match!

"Will you take me to town? It's really a good show at 'The Backsliders.'"

"I'd be pleased—if your baby is all right."

"Oh, she's all right. Godfrey fusses about her. Come and see my dahlias. I've got a flaming bank of them that ought to be covered at night, or Jerry will drop a pill on them." Pamela was jumpy—she had to move. This man was about as responsive as a jelly-fish.

They wandered round the garden—half an acre that had been a foreman's joy before the biscuit-factory had been requisitioned. The sun tinged the great square factory block red; the central tower with the wireless aerials stood stark against the clear sky. Pamela struggled to chat lightly, but the very headquarters personified the cruelty of everything—the war—Godfrey, and this wet blanket of a man—it was really the war—the everywhereness of the cursed war. It took all the interest of men—of Godfrey. She was just an incidental appendage; their thoughts were elsewhere even as the age-old words of love were on their lips. It was all so insulting—and yet, perhaps not. Would she have had Godfrey otherwise?

The car spluttered the loose gravel on the drive—he had remembered to send that back, anyway.

"I'll get you a drink while I change. Whisky?" Pamela touched Crawstone's arm, she would force someone to give her her meed of homage.

"Thanks—a chota peg."

Half an hour later Pamela drove too fast up the nearly empty arterial road. She welcomed the chance to do something, to force someone to notice her. Once Crawstone straightened his leg as if to apply the brake, and said "Steady!" She smiled to herself gleefully; Godfrey would have just *sat* with irritating placidity, as if he was specially chosen by the high gods not to be shaken by such things as women.

They were at a table on the edge of the dance floor when Philip Crawstone turned the conversation to his Wing Commander.

"You're the opposite of Berkeleigh, you know. So quick and vivacious. He uncannily cool—never spins whatever happens."

"Opposites attract—Nature's law. Keeps the offspring normal. Godfrey is a weird mixture—he really feels deeply, but hides it all under this cursed Anglo-Saxon pose. He annoys me sometimes. Let's dance."

They swung round the floor, her face below his shoulder, to the strains of Strauss.

"His mother was German, you know," she said. "An aristo of sorts. That's why he's so confoundedly stolid—and supercilious. Max was harder than Godfrey. He was so like Godfrey, but so different underneath. I always felt he looked upon me as just something about the place—like a table or a dog. He was scrupulously polite, but in an infuriating, superior way. No news of him, I suppose?"

"No. He went down in a night raid. Maybe all right, but nothing through from Geneva yet. It's hit the Wing Commander—such a fine bloke, and twins, of course, feel more than ordinary brothers."

They danced, supped and drank, but Pamela could not really get going. This man was all right, but what she mentally described as her husband's casualness gnawed at her. At twelve o'clock she could stand it no longer; the wine was just making her more clear-headed.

"It's my birthday—I was born at twelve o'clock, midnight, August the thirty-first-September the first," she explained.

"Stone me! Wait—I'll order another bottle," exclaimed Crawstone. "Why didn't you tell me?"

They drank and laughed—the wine helped, but it didn't quite succeed even yet with Pamela.

"Forgive me—I've got to 'phone; won't be a minute."

Crawstone watched her thread the tables and wondered—of course, she was going to telephone to the Wing Commander. Funny—wonder if anything could be wrong there? But Berkeleigh was such a good type—she was a trifle unstable, obviously, but—that dark sort were always emotional.

When she came back there was no doubt about her mood; she swung through the table-maze with her head back and eyes smouldering in a set face. She gave him a ghost of a smile, and then boiled over.

"These men who are so bound up in their job give me a pain. Tell me this, what do you think of a man who forgets his wife's birthday? Then—when she's fool enough to ring him up and tell him—still can't understand! Devotion to duty my foot—I *hate* Godfrey sometimes."

[Continued overleaf.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

SHAVIAN SALVATION MAJOR.

WENDY HILLER *plays the title-rôle in the screen version of George Bernard Shaw's play* " MAJOR BARBARA," *which is due at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on Monday, April 7. G.B.S. has himself supplied the scenario and dialogue, and the picture is produced and directed by Gabriel Pascal. Rex Harrison, Emlyn Williams, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Miles Mallison, Marie Löhr, Marie Ault, and Walter Hudd are members of the cast, which is an extremely distinguished one.* " *Major Barbara* " *should certainly be one of the big films of the year.*

Continued.]

"Steady—steady! He hasn't *really* forgotten. It's just that he was busy—you've no idea what our office is like—speed is so essential——"

"To hell with your office. I said to him: 'Do you know that to-day's the first of September?'; and what do you think he said?"

Crawstone forbore to answer; her out-thrust head, blazing eyes and curled lips were too overpowering.

"He said: 'The first of September, what's that—oh, partridge shooting commences—but I'm busy.' I slammed the telephone back! It would serve him right if . . ." She picked up her empty glass. Crawstone hastily leaned down for the bottle and refilled it. He was too wise to feed the flames with words.

"And he sounded funny—hesitated, and so far away—sort of strained. God—I am making a fool of myself. Sorry."

"No—it's quite all right. I say, shall we dance, or would you like to go home?"

"Let's dance. I've boobed to-night. It's decent of you to put up with it. . . ."

They danced, and for a while Crawstone found her one with him; then she drifted away, and was but an automaton.

"I take a dim view of this place. I'll take you home," he suggested gently, as the music stopped.

The drive back between the black cliffs of houses, and then along the moon-silvered arterial road was not so wild as the one into town. Pamela seemed exhausted; her dark eyes sombre with pain. She loved, and only asked for love. . . .

The house cowered under the grim shadow of the biscuit-factory. They groped in the unlighted hall.

"I'll get a drink—come in for a second, please." She sounded so pitiful that Crawstone acquiesced and shut the door.

There was a note on the hall table. Pamela took it up wearily, but caught her breath as she read.

"Look—look what it says! 'Many happy returns of the day. Look in the top drawer of my chest. Godfrey.' It's a telephone message."

"That's all right then. You go and get your present—I'll go home." Crawstone smiled; it was good to see her beauty glow again with joy of life. For a moment he envied the Wing Commander. She was a spitfire, but she was a real live woman.

"But he said 'Partridge shooting commences' when I rang him up—I don't understand!" Her face lost its light.

"God!" The man was awake now. He jumped to it. "What time did this message come?" He snatched the paper. "Ten-thirty! And at twelve he didn't understand? You're sure of his voice?"

"It was him—he sounded worried, though. . . ."

"You go to bed—no, get your birthday present, then go to bed. I'll get on now—good night!" Crawstone swung towards the door hurriedly.

"You're going to the headquarters. You think something is wrong?—I'm coming too." She held his arm.

"I must go—leave go! All right, if you must come too."

Crawstone sprang into the car and it shot away with a jerk. He was hardly aware of the girl beside him. He swung round the holly hedge and dived straight at the factory gates. Impatiently he answered the sentry and flung the car forward at the main entrance.

He raced up the stairs into the big cypher room; up the avenue between the twenty desks towards the small glazed room that held the senior officer on duty. The chief cypher officer swung round in his chair as the place quivered with the bursting open of the door.

"What the devil! . . ."

Crawstone looked down into the strained face of the Wing Commander. "Sorry, Sir—I thought something was wrong."

"What *could* be wrong?" The words were rapped out like shots. Berkeleigh glared up at his subordinate.

"Your wife—Mrs. Berkeleigh—said . . ."

A woman screamed, and the Wing Commander sprang to his feet.

"That's not Godfrey—it's Max!" Pamela clutched Crawstone with one hand and pointed accusingly at the man who had just risen from the chief cypher-officer's chair.

Crawstone tried to free himself from her hold.

"She's mad, Sir; I'm sorry," he muttered.

"You fool—look at his ear—the right ear. It's Max, I tell you! Why are you here? Why—where is Godfrey?"

"Stop that woman. Take her away." The Wing Commander's words came staccato; he held himself upright, his back to the wall. Crawstone was aware of the crowd of cypher officers that filled the little office, and pushed round the door.

"Max—answer me—where is Godfrey?"

"He's alive. . . . Gentlemen, may I ask you to withdraw." It was then that Crawstone noticed that the man held a revolver in his right hand. His eyes had a dull, sullen look that betokened he was at breaking-point mentally.

"You are under arrest, Wing Commander Berkeleigh—drop that gun!" he shouted.

Berkeleigh seemed to stiffen. His glance swung glassily round the faces of the crowd. He came to attention with a click of his heels. Then he raised his right hand and shot himself through the head.

Crawstone swung round and shielded the girl. He twisted her into someone's arms. "Take Mrs. Berkeleigh away, Shenstone. Then bring me the plain language copies of all signals made since twenty-two thirty." He stepped over the body and opened the file of "Messages received" for encyphering.

In the main office someone gave Pamela a drink; she choked over the neat spirit, but refused to sit.

"When Godfrey came out of his office next after half-past ten, where did he go?" she demanded.

"He went upstairs—perhaps to the rest room for a coffee. He always used to do that," volunteered someone.

Pamela looked hard at the speaker. "'*Used*'? That man in there—that dead man—is *not* the Wing Commander," she asserted. "Take me to the rest room!"

She pushed her way through the crowd before anyone could help, and made for the door; she had seen a staircase when she came in. The mystified crowd began to follow.

"All cypher officers on duty, stand-by for immediate signals," a loud speaker blared.

The girl raced up the steps alone. In the rest room the waitress remembered the Wing Commander coming in for coffee, he was with someone she hadn't seen before—yes, an officer—no, not like him to look at, but a nice man.

"Where did he go?" Pamela demanded.

"I don't rightly remember—perhaps he went up to the duty officers' sleeping quarters—yes, I believe he did. They were talking about how far you could see over towards London from up there."

Pamela didn't wait. She dived at the door which the girl's glance indicated, and raced up the stairway.

There was a shape on a camp bed. In the dimmed light she recognised Godfrey; and she leaned over and felt his breath against her face. Then she fainted—across the truckle-bed.

An hour later, three people drank black coffee in that room up in the tower. Godfrey—cloudy-eyed and still drowsy—sat up in bed; Pamela sat on the bed holding her knee in clasped hands, her glance never wavering from his face. Crawstone sat awkwardly on a camp chair.

"We've *got* to admit, I fear, Max was in the employ of the German Government," said Crawstone apologetically.

The Wing Commander winced. "It's true—but it wasn't Max that doped my coffee. I've never seen that bloke before—he was in Flight Lieutenant's uniform, and seemed all right."

"He probably flew Max back to England after it was all arranged in Hunland, in a captured British machine. Max 'went down' on purpose, of course. He was a spy all the time."

"Max is dead," said Godfrey. "He was my brother, and he died well. Remember, my mother—and his—was a German." He hesitated. "Max was the German half of we twins—I suppose it's fair."

"Fair enough—Max was a brave man," Crawstone continued; and he impersonated you in the office. Easy, that was—like as two peas."

"Except for his ear," Pamela interrupted. "He'd lost the lobe of his right ear."

"Yes; that was a sabre did that when we were at Bonn." Godfrey's eyes seemed to be looking backward.

"Well—Max impersonated you and did your stuff. Instead of sending out the orders that came in to the fighters, he altered everything. He sent all the fighters up North—left London bare. He had every balloon pulled down. He told the anti-aircraft brigades that they were not to fire at anything until actually ordered. He virtually handed London over unarmed to occupation by airborne invaders. But for you, Mrs. Berkeleigh, you and your birthday. . . ."

Pamela tried to smile, but a tear ran down her cheek. She reached over and took Godfrey's hand. "I haven't seen my present yet," she whispered. The Wing Commander smoothed back his fair hair with his other hand and smiled slowly.

"You've given England a present this time, one that England will never forget," said Crawstone, as he strolled away. Those two were better alone; some looks in a woman's eyes were for one man only to see. The distant boom of anti-aircraft fire vibrated through the room.

"Turn the light off, Sir," shouted Crawstone. He drew the heavy curtains and leaned out of the window.

The three stood and watched. Two—the men—with that sinking of the heart that all who fly experience when great balls of fire drop out of the sky.

"Thank God the fighters got back in time," Crawstone whispered.

The great semi-circle that was the verge of London was defined by those great glowing balls—twenty they counted in a small arc—each ball a giant troop-carrier a few seconds before: now but red-hot metal—all life fused. . . .

"And Max said: 'Partridge shooting commences,'" muttered Godfrey, swallowing convulsively. [THE END.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This Periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s.; and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as a part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Young playwright Gaylord (JAMES STEWART) prefers to try the Subway for the first time, instead of riding in the car of star Linda (ROSALIND RUSSELL). She decides to go by Subway too.

Star meets playwright! Linda (ROSALIND RUSSELL) asks Gaylord to run and get her some cigarettes, unaware that he is the author of her new play.

Sophisticated comedy-writer Gaylord is trying to write a highbrow drama with a message—and is it getting him down? It's being done to please Amanda (GENEVIEVE TOBIN).

Neglected wife and deserted husband console each other. Linda's charms begin to make a strong appeal to Amanda's husband, Philo Smith (CHARLIE RUGGLES).

"NO TIME FOR COMEDY" IN ITS FILM FORM.

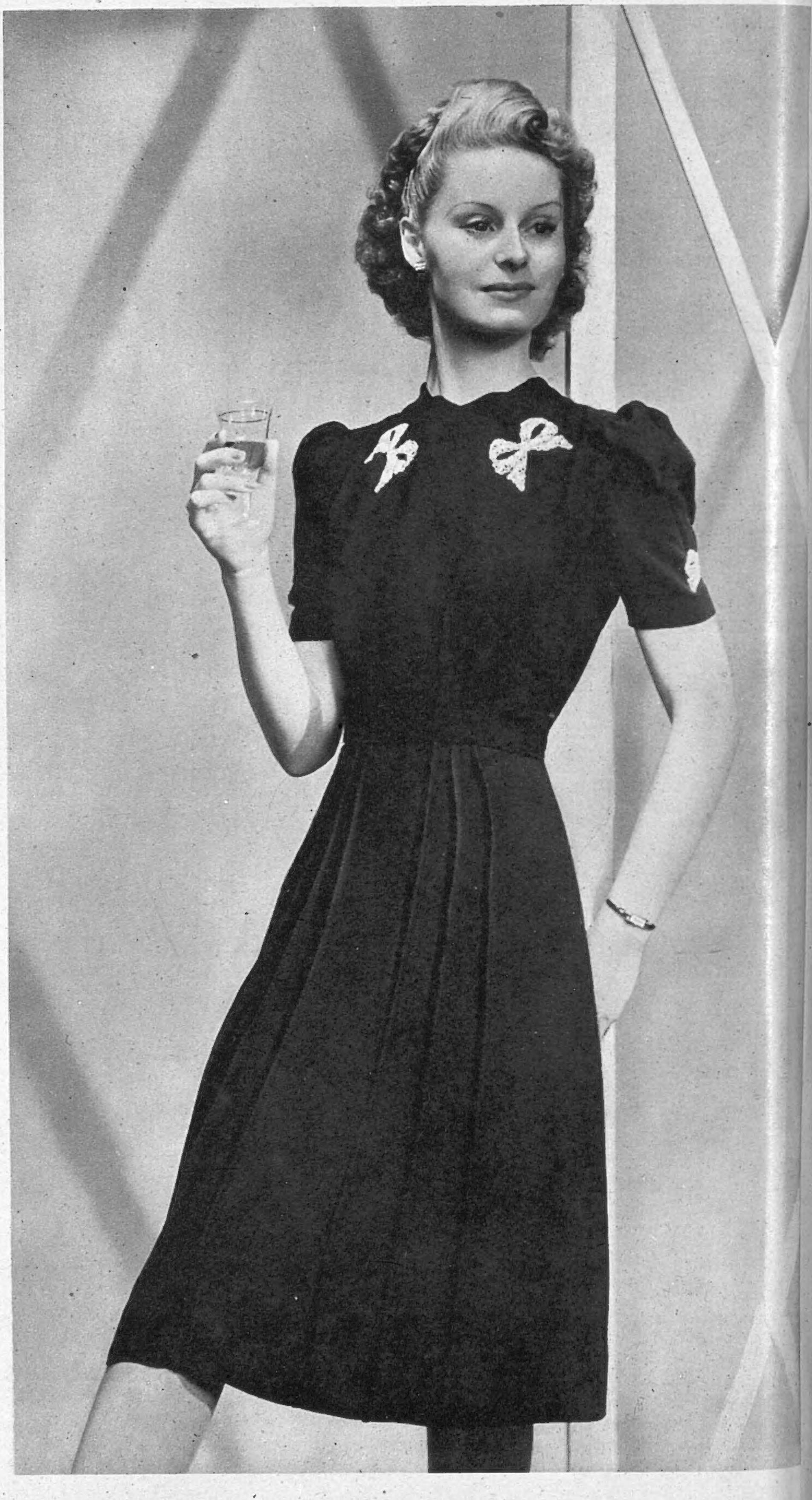
"The Way of the World" (apologies to Congreve!) is a colossal flop. Author Gaylord steps sadly on to the stage, and hears his faithful wife call "Author! Author!"

"NO TIME FOR COMEDY," play by Sam Behrman, was due to arrive at the Haymarket last week, with Diana Wynyard, Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer in the leading rôles; and was also scheduled for presentation in its screen form with James Stewart, Rosalind Russell and Genevieve Tobin, as Gaylord, Linda and Amanda, at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square. The hero, Gaylord, is a young playwright who suddenly "arrives," marries his leading lady, and is then "caught" by a blonde who wants to inspire him to write a serious, "worth-while" play. He does his best, but the drama's a flop; the blonde vanishes from his horizon, but his wife returns—faithful and loving as ever.

WOMEN IN WARTIME

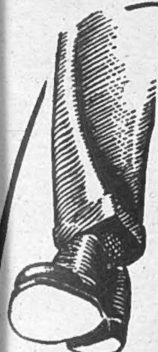
THE LIGHTER SIDE

CLOTHES THAT ARE PRACTICAL— AS WELL AS ATTRACTIVE



EASTER is still the time for weddings, but guests are now choosing outfits that they can wear again, not only for special occasions. Liberty, Regent Street, suggest the outfit above in moss crêpe for 7½ guineas. The simple frock is finished with lines of tucking, repeated on the pockets of the short, straight-hanging jacket. It can be made in several pastel shades. British rayons are now replacing pure silks for summer frocks; their patterns are just as pleasing, and they have the advantage of extra weight. There are some really charming printed models in this department.

WARTIME parties may have to be held during the day, so frocks must be practical as well as attractive. The model on the right, from Jay's, of Regent Street, costs 6½ guineas in their Department 19 on the second floor. It is in heavy moss crêpe, with lovers' knots embroidered in tiny beads on the sleeves and at the neckline. The frock shown here is black and white, but it looks equally attractive in sapphire and steel, green and gold, and several other variations. Lines of stitching give a flare to the skirt, but keep it slim. There are many other simple but individual frocks.



A MAN'S AS OLD AS HIS FEET!

To retain the elastic spring of youth he needs shoes to fit his feet; and that means correct width as well as length—and correct shape.

Wearra Shoes for Men are made in sizes and half-sizes, with three fittings (slim, medium and broad) to each.

Made on American-styled lasts, in three models by British craftsmen. Each model in choicest black or tan leather.

Wearra MULTIPLE FITTING SHOES FOR MEN

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Smee's

Jersey

A NEW DRESSING GOWN IN JERSEY SPOT . . . with full swing skirt and smart revers; plain tie sash. In cherry, grey, heather, navy, etc.

98/6

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'GOR-RAY'

"Koneray" PATENT PENDING

PLEATED SKIRTS

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

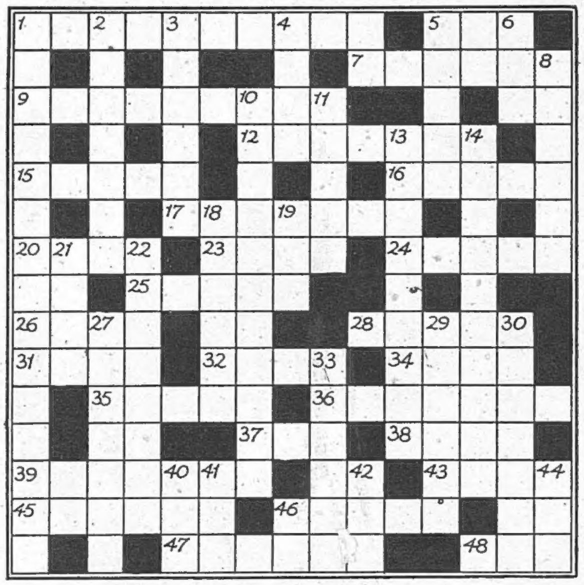
"TWICE," announced The Jobber, "I have been a rich man. Twice I have been really poor. But what I am to-day, I 'm blessed if I know."

"You admit the possibility of your still being—opulent, shall we say?"

"Sell you a hundred of those possibilities. Make it two hundred, if you like. You won't deal? All right. Don't reproach me later on for not having laid the chance of a fortune at your feet."

"I wish I knew what to do with my brewery shares," The Merchant observed. "There 's a loss on practically all of them. Ought I to cut the lot? Breweries seem to be hit: in every direction."

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

1. "Vi promised" (anag.; 10).
5. Rationally drunk (3).
7. It turns on light or sound (6).
9. Over-fed (9).
12. Competent in the end (7).
15. Provocative fruit (5).
16. Mentally defective (5).
17. Bolshevists surround a sailor (7).
20. Childish walk (4).
23. Inquisitive (4).
24. Giant from bird and article (5).
25. Out of these equals indisposed (5).
26. Catches (4).
28. Biting camera effects (5).
31. Hairy Hebrew (4).
32. This optic is inviting (4).
34. Sound double (4).
35. Invalid nourishment (5).
36. Aperture (7).
37. Turn back (3).
38. Term in trigonometry (4).
39. "Ran sled" (anag.; 7).
43. Amphibian (4).
45. Vessel that gives a good pull (6).
46. Sing about the beginning of term (5).
47. "The moving finger ——" (6).
48. Very singular (3).

DOWN.

1. Without a moment's delay (15).
2. Short paragraph introduces a pet (7).
3. Prominent at bazaar (6).
4. Observed (4).
5. Vaunted sort of bathroom (5).
6. Do or play (3).
8. Quick movement to the north (6).
10. Foe to wine and spirit merchants (11).
11. Its products arrive early (5).
13. Ne'er upset in the lists (9).
14. Reconstruction of Cenotaph, Di (10).
18. Infuriate (6).
19. Animal head of No. 22 Down (3).
21. Cry of woe (4).
22. "Ruin sags" (anag.; 8).
27. The start and the whole imply a complete turn-out (7).
29. This tooth needs attention (6).
30. Single victory (two words; 4, 3).
33. Common in Commons (6).
40. Reverse this to marry (3).
41. This or a mistake (3).
42. This Tory makes history (3).
44. Scholastic symbol (3).

(N.B.—No clues are given to two-letter spaces.)

"What will you do with the money if you sell the brewery shares?"

"That 's the trouble. Not that it ought to make any difference to one's decision."

"You could buy Defence Threes, and run no risk of capital depreciation."

"I thought of them. And they are good things to have, I know. But I can't make up my mind about selling the others."

"There 's not much to go for until the end of the war."

"You might say that about dozens of other shares. The outlook seems to be—what shall we say?—unpromising; then, all at once, something happens that changes the situation, and you find your shares suddenly go better."

"I wish the unexpected would happen to some of my companies," The Jobber sighed. "They could do with a bit of a change. And so could I."

"Why not try a spot of work?"

"What does the House look like these days, Brokie?"

"In what way do you mean? I should say there are never more than fifteen hundred men at the outside——"

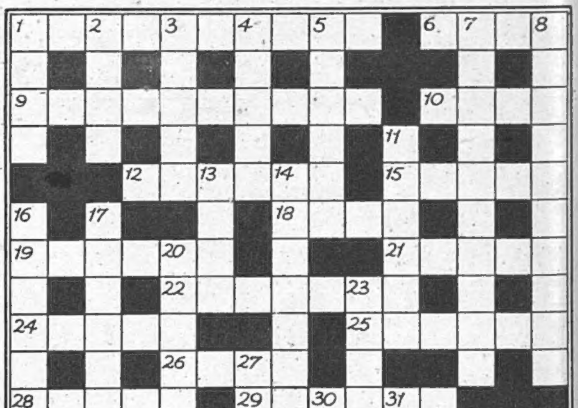
"That 's where they go when the klaxons blast their blasted blasts."

"Sir! Remember there may be ladies in the next compartment."

"They will think I 'm quoting 'Macbeth.' It 's quite all right so long as you stick to Shakespeare. Now, Fielding, or even Spenser——"

"Fifteen hundred men, mostly bored stiff, out of a normal six thousand, pre-war."

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

1. Hitler often is in his speeches—anyhow, he 's enough to make a cat so (10).
6. One of the No. 29 Across in short (4).
9. You 'll find blood-suckers where a great law-giver absorbs American capital (10).
10. A form of No. 34 Across (4).
12. It makes her sad not to have the whole lot (6).
15. Poisonous creature useful in an office (5).
18. Vehicles (4).
19. The way things fall out (6).
21. Solemnly impressive, or just ghastly (5).
22. Quite a small number but difficult to manage (7).
24. Oh, sir! (5).
25. As a clue it is right but is left when varied (6).
26. This horse may have a Roman nose but no Roman heart (4).
28. Seems to be a mistake here (5).
29. Tastes differ, don't they? (6).
34. A perfect little love (4).
35. Sort of thing you might take lying down (10).
36. Bargain price (4).
37. A catspaw should find something familiar in this seaside resort (10).

DOWN.

1. Make a husband or wife less wild (4).
2. Involves no difficulty whatever (4).
3. The fact is Ruth comes after tea (5).
4. Half-interested (5).
5. An aged combination of business (6).
7. Never refuse it! (three words; 1, 4, 5).
8. The flagrant deception of a precipitous cliff (two words; 5, 5).
11. A blast will easily break up this kind of rock (6).
13. There 's space for this in the Near East (4).
14. I can't catch you here: the clue 's so obvious (7).
16. Poetically unharmed, the smaller finally (10).
17. Makes harm rotten (10).
20. Do you ever take two bites at one? (6).
23. You can get your suit turned here (4).
27. Well-grounded? (6).
30. A court plea (5).
31. Juvenile wear made of stone (5).
32. This old emperor would require a man to be a Turk (4).
33. This jacket serves in all weathers (4).

"Can't they do some national work?"

"Most of them do, out of business hours. I don't see why we couldn't be given something to do in the day time. There must be any amount of clerical work that old fogeys like Brokie and I might carry on so as to release younger people for more strenuous jobs."

"If I were to sell my brewery shares and put the money into Defence Bonds, would that be helping the war effort?" persisted The Merchant. "Somebody would have to buy if I sold; whereas, if I kept my shares, that prospective buyer might possibly subscribe to National War Bonds for himself."

"That 's a point which you can't answer with any certainty. The prospective buyer, as you call him, might be a bear of your brewery shares, and glad of an opportunity for getting level."

"It makes no odds to me whether he is a bear or a bull. All I 'm concerned with is my own little problem. What shall I do? That 's what I 'd like to know."

The Broker took off his hat and looked extremely perplexed. "You might buy back the shares later on at cheaper prices," he hazarded. "And put the money now into one of the War Stocks. But breweries are pretty low, I guess you know."

"It 's hard to say whether anything has reached what is likely to be the lowest," The City Editor remarked vaguely.

"Argentine Rails can't go down much farther," said The Engineer. "Unless they are to go through the floor."

"There 's nothing new in the idea that the Argentine Government may buy the railways, is there? I seem to remember it from the days of my youth."

"The rumour is as eternal as Tennyson's brook. But now that Courtaulds have had to hand over their American Viscose Corporation shares, what will happen to other British companies with big interests in the United States?"

"Some of the insurance companies have a lot of money in America, haven't they?"

"And we have always been given to understand that the British American Tobacco is largely interested over there."

"Not to mention Turner and Newall; Dunlops; Shell Transport and Chemicals. How about the holdings of all these concerns? Will the Treasury take them over in the same way as it has requisitioned American Viscose from Courtaulds? Seems a rather arbitrary proceeding, doesn't it?"

"In wartime," said The City Editor, "the Government can do precisely what it likes. That 's the beginning and the end of all argument. I don't think anyone will quarrel with it, either. We are going to win this war, and anything that helps to shorten it will be gladly agreed to."

"Talks like a leading article, doesn't he?" The Jobber commented. "What I would like to know is how the money will be paid: for the American shares held by British concerns."

"You can bet your boots the Treasury will try to persuade the cash to go into our war borrowings, in one shape or another. The plan is legitimate and clever."

"Two things that don't always go hand in hand. My only grouse is that we are expected to be content with $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 per cent. at a time when costs of living are incessantly on the rise. How shall the poor live!"

"They won't. Nor will the rich, if we don't win this war. I think, my boy, you 're lucky to have a grouse at all, considering what I paid last week for a boiling-fowl."

"A man brought a live duck into the Stock Exchange the other day," said The Jobber. "Bless my soul, I never felt so hungry in all my life!"

Friday, March 28, 1941.